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Since 1985

Colorado's Finest Private Pheasant Hunting Preserve

RMR Weekly E-News

[Hello RMR Faithful!](#)

Don't wait....the club picnic is this Saturday and **you need to call the office to make reservations**. We need to make sure we have plenty of food, the fun will be automatic, but we need to get a head count. Call the office at 719-635-3257. (Same drill...don't call the clubhouse. Bill is not taking reservations, just the office!)

I got a few funny emails and phone calls about my ranting last week. I guess I am not the only one who doesn't like feet on the dash board. I am also aware of the cameras that catch speeders and red light runners are a revenue generating machine. I guess you read the email!

I am glad you do. I will tell you that if you cannot make the picnic, and see the cover for yourself first hand, go to the website and click on NEWSLETTERS and WEEKLY NEWS and August 10th News. You can see some pictures of the cover. By far, this is the best cover we have ever had since we started. It will stun you....it stuns us every day! We are so excited about this season, and you should be too.

RMR MEMBER NEWS

Our prayers are with Steve Selvig on the death of his wife last Friday. The service today was special and he will be at the picnic on Saturday. He and Barb wanted to come, and she will be with us in spirit.

Please keep Bob and Shelia Gourley in your prayers on the loss of his son.

Congrats to the Thurbers on their new son/grandson (depending on the Thurber!) Healthy Boy and will be a shooter if Dad/Granddads have anything to say about it.

Happy birthday to my wife Rebecca, too! (She is going to hate me for telling you, I am certain!!)

TRAINING BIRDS AVAILABLE FROM RMR DOG TRAINER BEN GARCIA

If you need a few birds to train with before the season, Ben has some Quail for training and they are \$9 each. Call Ben if you want to get some birds for your dogs. Also, if you need to tune your dogs up before season and don't have the time to do it yourself, give Ben a shout. He can get your four legged hunting partners in shape for the upcoming season. Ben's number is 303-709-6268, and you can see his website by going to RMR's and finding him under affiliates. Hideaway Kennels.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Good Story.... When Your Hut's On Fire

The only survivor of a shipwreck was washed up on a small, uninhabited island.

He prayed feverishly for God to rescue him. Every day he scanned the horizon for help, but none seemed forthcoming.

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Exhausted, he eventually managed to build a little hut out of driftwood to protect himself from the elements, and to store his few possessions. One day, after scavenging for food, he arrived home to find his little hut in flames, with smoke rolling up to the sky. He felt the worst had happened, and everything was lost. He was stunned with disbelief, grief, and anger. He cried out, 'God! How could you do this to me?'

Early the next day, he was awakened by the sound of a ship approaching the island! It had come to rescue him! 'How did you know I was here?' asked the weary man of his rescuers. 'We saw your smoke signal,' they replied.

The Moral of This Story:

It's easy to get discouraged when things are going bad, but we shouldn't lose heart, because God is at work in our lives, even in the midst of our pain and suffering. Remember that the next time your little hut seems to be burning to the ground. It just may be a smoke signal that summons the Grace of God.

P.S. You may want to consider passing this on, because you never know who feels as if their hut is on fire today.

TWO FOR THE ROAD

Ol' Fred had been a faithful Christian and was in the hospital, near death. The family called their preacher to stand with them.

As the preacher stood next to the bed, Ol' Fred's condition appeared to deteriorate and he motioned frantically for something to write on.

The pastor lovingly handed him a pen and a piece of paper, and Ol' Fred used his last bit of energy to scribble a note, then suddenly died. The preacher thought it best not to look at the note at that time, so he placed it in his jacket pocket.

At the funeral, as he was finishing the message, he realized that he was wearing the same jacket that he was wearing when Ol' Fred died. He said, "You know, Ol' Fred handed me a note just before he died. I haven't looked at it, but knowing Fred, I'm sure there's a word of inspiration there for us all."

He opened the note, and read, "Please step to your left -- you're standing on my oxygen tube!"

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The light turned yellow, just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection.

The tailgating woman was furious and honked her horn, screaming in frustration, as she missed her chance to get through the intersection, dropping her cell phone and makeup.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up.

He took her to the police station where she was searched, fingerprinted, photographed, and placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects.

He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'What Would Jesus Do' bumper sticker, the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'Follow Me to Sunday-School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk, so naturally.....I assumed you had stolen the car." Priceless.

Don't forget to go to our website and see pictures of the cover.

Check out Rocky Mountain Roosters on Facebook and sign up as a fan!

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